













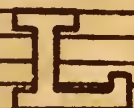
# THE REVIEW

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY  
BY STUDENTS OF

LEHIGH  
UNIVERSITY

VOL V

NO IV





## BRIGHT ANGEL

The Canyon of the Colorado  
Viewed at dawn from trail Bright Angel  
Awakes a dormant sense of beauty  
In the poorest stagnant being.  
A glimpse of Heaven on earth reflected,  
Inspiring, awakening, God's challenge issued,  
"Start life anew! I'll help you! Dare!"

Countless numbers of mere humans,  
Shifting 'round and mounting higher,  
Lose all thought of nature's beauty.  
Conventions heaped upon conventions  
Bind them in and dull their senses.  
Bound to tumble, bound to crumble,  
'Til unawares from earth they're taken  
Knowing never life's Bright Angel.

Harold Hunt Demarest





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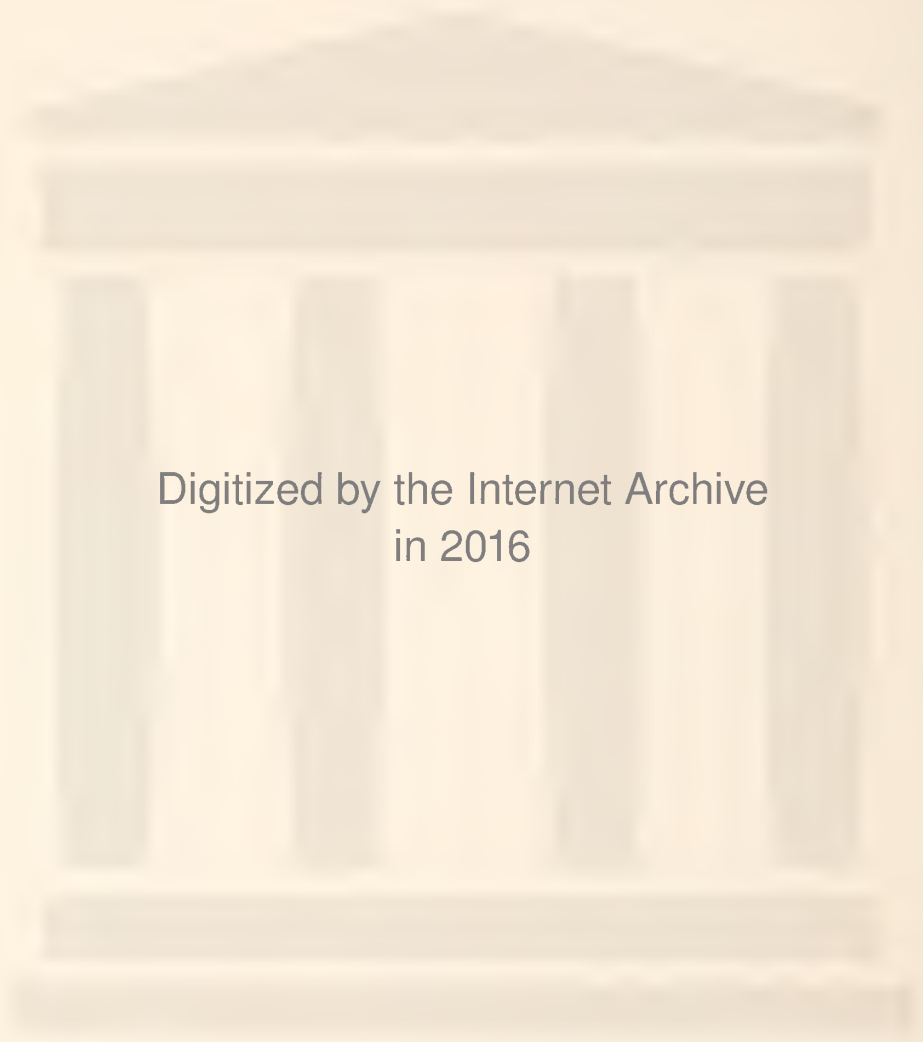
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NO. 4

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# CONTENTS

Page

Bright Angel .....	Harold Hunt Demarest .....	Inside Front Cover
a poem		
Those Lips For Instance .....	Harry Warendorf, 2nd .....	7
a story		
Job Seeking in the Calumet .....	Kenneth K. Kost .....	12
The Way of the World .....	M. B. R. ....	14
God Only Knows .....	Hayden E. Norwood .....	15
Social Status .....	C. Brooks Peters .....	17
a story		
To Jennie .....	William G. Alcorn .....	18
a poem		
High Life in New York .....	William Port .....	19
a story		
Editorials .....		21
Today or Yesteryear? .....	Theodore Ehram, Jr. ....	23
Ignorance .....	T. E. ....	24
Plays .....		25
The Film .....		27
Walks and Moods .....	Fay C. Bartlett .....	31
Books .....		32
Science—		
What the General Manufacturing Industries		
Expect of the Technical Schools .....	William Butterworth .....	37
Two Art Exhibition Reviews .....		42





# The Lehigh Review



## Those Lips for Instance

by  
Harry Warendorf, 2nd

“IF YOU insist, I suppose the only thing for me to do is see him.”

It was Virginia Carrington speaking, Virginia Carrington of the Southampton and New York Carringtons. Virginia Carrington, nineteen-year-old only daughter of C. A. Carrington of Carrington motors, those sixteen-cylinder chromium-plated conveyances which only the dirty-rich can afford.

The Southampton season had been open for only two weeks, and for two weeks Virginia had been in a bad humour, as who wouldn't be if her favorite and self-admittedly adoring boy friend had suddenly turned traitor and married that awful frump of a Ronalds girl. The little colony had buzzed with the news, the New York papers had seized upon it as manna from heaven. Virginia was depressed. She had always liked boys, liked them still; but for the past fortnight she had imagined herself as going through life with never another glance toward that sex which, she complained, had treated her so shabbily on this occasion. What she really needed was a good cry and a strong masculine shoulder to lean upon.

And now one of the more inquisitive New York papers wanted a story from her own lips; a story and a picture. They had sent a reporter all the way from New

York, and he was even now cooling his heels on the Carrington doorstep while Virginia and her mother argued the wisdom of her granting him the interview he had come for. Her mother was all for it. Virginia opposed. Mother, with one eye on the rotogravure section, finally prevailed. Virginia would see him, and, she decided, in a few well-chosen words delivered in her most distant manner, convey to the press her utter disregard of William Walker, 3rd, who had so lightly ditched her for the charms of Dolores Ronalds. Not only that, but with a couple of vitriolic sentences punctuated with flashing eyes she would impress this reporter with her utter indifference for anything even remotely masculine . . . would, in fact, lay the foundation for the reputation as a manhater that was to be her future course.

She pulled the bell. Bliven appeared. “Tell the man from the ‘Sentinel’ that I’ll see him in a minute,” she said, “. . . in the Trophy room.”

Ten minutes later she stalked into the Trophy room. With her entrance the comfortable June warmth evaporated. In its stead was bleak December. She was the personification of ice. Determination was written all over her face so that any man could see that she, Virginia Carrington, was for all time through with such as

## The Lehigh Review

he. To her, her manner showed, men were infinitely lower than the very bottom of the bottomless lake which was part of the Carrington estate.

Seated in one of the deep leather chairs which studded the room was Barry Warner, lately of Princeton, now of the **Sentinel**. He rose when Virginia came in. Rose, stared, blinked, and sat down. "Here," he said to himself, "is an uncommonly pretty girl." Virginia condescended to look at him . . . . possibly because of his alarming maneuvers, possibly because she found it a bit annoying to keep her head tilted into the air as she had intended.

Barry was something to stir even the most recalcitrant of feminine hearts. He had that certain something that made girls think, "now there's a man I'd like to know." The funny part of it was that Barry was unaware of his charms . . . . which, of course, made him the more charming. But Barry might have been a Greek God, still Virginia would have turned on him those remarkably icy eyes. Any other girl would have noticed that he was tall, broad-shouldered, clean-looking. Not so Virginia. The better-looking the man, the more she hated him. She tilted her pretty nose towards the ceiling and assumed the appearance of an iceberg.

In spite of her beauty, Barry was not particularly impressed. He saw before him a girl who was obviously the pampered pet of wealthy parents. True, she was good-looking . . . . anyone would have noticed that; could not help noticing it, in fact. "I can hardly blame Walker," thought Barry, ". . . she probably hasn't got a brain in her head."

"Well?" said Virginia.

"I'm Barry Warner of the **Sentinel**."

"Well?"

"You are Miss Carrington?"

"Yes."

"How do you do, Miss Carrington?"

"What?"

"I said, 'How do you do?'"

"I don't see that it's any of your business."

"Oh," said Barry, "Sorry."

Now C. A. Carrington had no little influence with the metropolitan press. So it was that he had that morning visited the **Sentinel** office with the request that a reporter be instructed to interview his daughter and write a story for the **Sentinel** which would show that Virginia and William Walker had never been really engaged, that they were just pals, so to speak. He had done this under the instigation of his wife who thought it about time that something be done to rescue the family pride which the papers were tossing about so recklessly.

Virginia's exceptional nastiness didn't please Barry at all . . . . in fact it made him angry. He could be nasty, too, he decided.

"We would like to print a story under your name of how Mr. Walker threw you over" . . . . he accented the last few words so she would be sure not to miss them. "We are going to head it, 'Left at the Church . . . . as told to Barry Warner by Virginia Carrington'." Virginia winced at his words.

"Well of all the unmitigated nerve! See here, I want it distinctly understood that William Walker was nothing more to me than a friend. Neither he nor any other man ever threw me over, as you so crudely put it. I have no use for men, never have had and never will have. Furthermore, if you are going to be deliberately insulting I shall have to ask you to leave immediately."



## Those Lips For Instance

"Very well," said Barry, and rose to go.

He hadn't made three steps when Virginia reconsidered. She was angry now, too angry to keep silent. "On second thought," she said, "you had better stay. There are a few more things I want to tell your paper." The brow was still contracted, the icy front still maintained.

"Very well," said Barry again, "shoot!"

"Shoot?"

"I mean, go ahead, tell me the rest."

"Tell your paper that Virginia Carrington, in order to avoid any future misunderstandings, wants it known that she is not thinking of marrying anyone, and that she never will. Tell them that at present she is contemplating a cruise around the world on her father's yacht. Tell them that she will sail alone, with only the crew and a library of good books."

Barry couldn't repress a smile, and Virginia saw it. Throughout this explanation her voice had risen higher and higher. She sounded almost hysterical.

"Tell them," she continued, "... tell them . . . oh, tell them anything, but for God's sake get that smile off your face. You sit there smiling like a Cheshire cat!"

Barry continued to smile. "I'm sorry," he said, "but don't you think that would sound a bit odd? You realize as well as I do that a beautiful girl ("however dumb," he added to himself) like yourself—used to countless admirers, used to love and good times and luxury would never do a thing like that unless she was trying to hide something. It's a bit ridiculous, you know."

"Oh, you think I'm being ridiculous, do you? You sit there and laugh at me in my own house. Who do you think you are to laugh at me?"

"But I'm just trying to save you the em-

barrassment which is sure to result if we publish this drivel."

"You're making fun of me. You're laughing at me. You think I like you. But you're wrong, I hate you!!!"

And with head tilted high, Virginia grandly strode toward the door. Toward the door, but not through it. Her last chance at impressing this man with her indifference was lost when, nose on high, she very ungracefully tripped over one of the bear-rugs strewn casually over the floor of the Trophy room. Down she went, and there she lay, sprawled at full length, with her dress over her knees. It was a position in which even a queen must of necessity look ludicrous. Barry couldn't restrain his laughter.

Virginia just glared. And then she started to cry.

Barry Warner of the **Sentinel**, lately of Princeton, was so lately of Princeton and so recently of the **Sentinel** that a woman's tears, especially a young and terribly desirable woman's tears, knocked him all of a twitter. The laughter had gone out of his eyes. Instead there was something else. Something that Virginia no doubt would have liked to see if she had not been so busy crying. He did the usual thing, i. e., he ran over to where Virginia lay so unceremoniously sprawled and on to whose glistening waxed surface she was depositing positive quarts of tears, and lifted her off the floor. Nor did he remove his arms when he succeeded in getting her on her feet once more.

"Go 'way," she said.

"I will when you stop crying," he answered . . . hoping she would not stop too quickly.

"You'd better go," she said . . . And then, remembering her rôle, "And please take your arm away."

## The Lehigh Review

Somehow, Barry didn't want to take his arm away, he started to comply, hesitated and was lost. Gone was his desire to hurt her. He wanted, now, to comfort her instead. Perhaps it was the tears that made him feel that way, perhaps seeing her sprawled on the floor had made her seem more human. And Virginia was comfortable enough in his arms. She admitted to herself that it was even kind of nice the way he held her. They stood there several minutes, neither saying a word.

It was Virginia who broke the silence. "I'm all right now," she said, moving away, "and thank you for picking me up."

This was not the girl who ten minutes ago had been so acid in her remarks. "This was someone entirely different . . . someone much nicer," thought Barry.

"It was nothing at all," he told her. "I hope you haven't hurt yourself."

"Not at all," Virginia replied, and smiled. The grim mouth relaxed, the knotted brow became smooth again, and a touch of Spring seemed to have dissipated the icy demeanor. Barry saw and smiled, too.

Footsteps sounded in the doorway, and the two moved further apart. By the time Mrs. Carrington entered, Virginia had repaired some of the damage caused by the avalanche of tears. At any rate, her mother didn't notice that anything had happened.

"Mother, this is Mr. Warner, of the **Sentinel**. He was just about to go."

Mrs. Carrington nodded her head in acknowledgment of the introduction. She, too, had noticed "that something" about Barry. She smiled. "You must stay to tea, Mr. Warner." Barry looked at Virginia. He saw that she had been watching him whilst he was speaking with her mother. "Thanks," he said, "be glad to."

At the tea table he thought about what had happened, what seemed to him ages ago, although, in reality, it couldn't have been more than an hour or so since he had first been ushered into the Trophy room. He was sorry now that he had hurt her feelings. Sorry in a way, yet glad. If he had not done something of the sort she probably never would have noticed him, he would have got his interview and been on his way. Besides, he remembered holding her in his arms that brief instant. Well, she couldn't take that away from him.

The talk centered on horses. Thoroughbred horses to be explicit, and if there was anything Barry cared less about than horses at the present moment, it was a multitude of horses.

"Don't you think she has a fine chest, Mr. Warner?" asked Mrs. Carrington.

"Beautiful," said Barry, "but it's her eyes that make her so appealing."

"Eyes?" said Mrs. Carrington. "But you are a strange person. Who ever notices a horse's eyes?"

"I'm sorry," said Barry, "I was thinking of something else."

And there is no doubt that he was. Oblivious to his surroundings, he sat there, drank one cocktail after another, and stared at Virginia, who, though she attempted to appear unconcerned, could, it may be said in Barry's favor, be seen occasionally staring back. After the fifth cocktail or thereabouts, Mrs. Carrington noticed his inattention to the topic at hand and asked him whether he would like to look around the estate. The rosebeds, she pointed out with some pride, were not to be missed. So he and Virginia wandered off to see the roses.

"Thanks for not mentioning anything to mother about what happened inside," said Virginia.

## Those Lips For Instance

"Oh, that. Of course. It was all my fault. I didn't realize that you meant it."

"You didn't realize what?"

"That you're really through with all men."

All Virginia could manage was, "Oh."

"It's a shame," Barry added.

"Why?"

"Well, I thought it might be nice if I could come out again and see you, but if you're going to sail around the world it would be a little difficult"

"Then you don't think I was ridiculous in there?" And she pointed to the Trophy room.

"What? I think you ridiculous? My dear Miss Carrington, if you knew what I really think, you'd be amazed . . . and angry perhaps."

"Tell me about it, and don't call me 'Miss Carrington', 'Virginia' is much nicer . . . . don't you think so?"

Barry unquestionably thought so. Not only did he think so, he put his thoughts into words, beautiful words . . . especially beautiful to a girl who had so recently suffered a rather cutting wound to her vanity. Barry waxed eloquent. There wasn't a flaw in the entire five feet three of her, he told Virginia. "Virginia is per-

fect," he said, "Virginia is the indescribable 'berries'. Virginia is the last word. And what Virginia hasn't got! Take those lips, for instance . . . . Virginia, who had been looking at him with the sort of look much younger people usually reserve for chocolate eclairs in bakery windows put her hand on his arm."

"Yes," said Barry.

"About those lips," said Virginia, "you said, 'take those lips for instance'."

"That's right," agreed Barry.

"Well, why don't you?"

"Why don't I what?"

"Take those lips, for instance."

\* \* \* \* \*

The telephone rang on the **Sentinel's** city desk. "Hello, Mac? This is Barry Warner. Kill that Carrington story. I've got something better . . . . gimme a rewrite, man." The call was switched. "Hello, this is Warner. Now get this straight. Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Carrington of 'Pinelands', Southampton and New York, announce the engagement of their daughter Virginia to Mr. Barry Warner, of New York City. The wedding will take place early next month. Mr. Warner is a graduate of . . . . ."



# Job Seeking in the Calumet

by  
Kenneth K. Kost

EVERY steel mill in the Calumet (Indiana) district has one. They are called employment offices; and I've often wondered why, for anyone who has ever sought a job there is almost certain that it is a misnomer. Occasionally, someone does get a job at an employment office, but that is a rare instance.

One gets a job in the steel mills by knowing a boss or by knowing someone else who knows one. It doesn't make any difference what kind of a boss, just as long as he is one who is willing to give you a note to the employment agent which reads: "Hire this man for me" or "Do what you can for this man," signed X. Your job will then depend upon who Mr. X is. The more important he is, the better your job will be. In many cases, a man employed in the mills will ask his foreman for a note to give to an unemployed friend. Sometimes the foreman is willing to hire the unemployed man or else will endeavor to get him a job in another department of the plant. It is in one of these ways that most steel workers secure their jobs.

During the spring rush an employment agent may actually get a chance to hire a man. In this case, the procedure around most mills is this. About 5:30 in the morning the unemployed begin to collect in or about the office. It is a motley crew composed of all nationalities, creeds, and races. Farmers, city men, old men, young men, fat men, skinny men, tall men and short men are found in every group of unemployed. Their clothing will be as varied as the men themselves. Rough working clothes, however, will predominate because most of

the men will know that a "white collar" appearance is apt to prejudice the agent against them.

The crowd increases as time passes. Auto tramps drive up in their cars, every street car brings its quota of unemployed, others not so fortunate arrive on foot. The men lean against any support which they can find; late-comers are forced to stand. If there are any seats, they are benches and insufficient in number. New-comers seek the "lay of the land" from the old-timers. The "lay" usually consists of the known idiosyncrasies of the employment agent, the number and type of men hired recently, and the chance for securing employment on that day. Information on the employment situation in the district and throughout the country spreads among the men. Any man can join one of these groups at any time and get more accurate information in ten minutes on employment conditions throughout the nation than he can secure from newspapers in a month. Conversation dies out as time passes. A blank look appears on the men's faces. Men reach for a cigarette; they always seem to have tobacco if nothing else. Now it is every man for himself; the "god" is about to appear.

Steel mill "cops", who have been eyeing the crowd with an icy glare, are galvanized into action. The men are herded to the rear of the office if they are inside, and away from the door if they are outside. At the larger plants, where several hundred men seek employment every day, the men are forced to remain outside even in inclement weather. The men become silent and strain their eyes upon

## Job Seeking In The Calumet

the agent as he appears. Immediately, the "notemen" surround him and are accepted as the elect. They pass into the sacred portals, leaving the others staring in various degrees of hope, indifference, or despair. The question in everyone's mind is, "Will he want any more?"

If he does, he will begin hollering somewhat in this fashion. "Any bricklayers here?" All bricklayers, all who think that they are, and all those who think that they can convince the agent that they are, rush forward. Those who can convince the agent that they are bricklayers are hired. Notice that I said, "can convince the agent that they are" instead of "that are". The uninformed may be foolish enough to believe that just because a man is a good bricklayer that he will be hired. What will actually happen is this. The agent will look over the applicants with a practiced eye. All those whom he recognizes as former employees of the company who have been fired or hasty in "throwing up their job" are immediately eliminated in the agent's mind. Then he will begin to question the remainder on their knowledge of bricklaying. Since the agent knows little or nothing about any trade, the man who can tell the most convincing story gets the job. Clever answers, though, may count against a man; a steelworker is not supposed to have brains, but brawn.

A former employment agent at one of the Gary steel mills had a remarkable prejudice against brains. He hired but two types of men, foreigners with big black mustaches and men who had just arrived from country districts. He evidently believed that a man from the country could more easily be imposed upon than his more sophisticated city cousin. If a fellow told him that he was

a graduate from one of the Gary high schools he never got a job, that is, unless he had the infallible note.

When the agent has secured all the men whom he needs, he bellows, "That's all, to-day." Immediately, the mill police start the crowd moving. Those who attempt to make a last remonstrance with the agent are hurried on their way. No one is allowed to loiter, and none of the old-timers would if they could. They all know that little or no employment is done after 8 a. m. They leave to tour the business district where the merchants are just commencing work for the day and where they may pick up a temporary if not a permanent job.

The task of the employment agent, however, is not easy; it may even be dangerous. He never knows when he refuses a man employment whether the man will walk away or attempt to kill him. Several years ago, a dissatisfied Mexican knived the employment agent at the Gary plant of the Illinois Steel Company. For the next three months no agent at the plant could be paid to come out from the safety of his barred cage. The agent recovered, but the state of Indiana solved the Mexican's unemployment problem.

The chief qualification of a good employment agent seems to be the ability to say no. Some agents can say no in nine or ten languages. An experienced, well-trained agent can not only say no on ordinary occasions but can even say it to a man who has just told him of his ten starving children and consumptive wife. Any agent who "falls" for a "sob" or "hard luck story" doesn't last. Every day an employment agent hears dozens of them. You can't tell him a new one; so if you are after a job, get a note.

## THE WAY OF THE WORLD

AND the one above directed His gaze upon the earth and smiled sadly. For here were creatures with ideals and strivings, but what success? He saw how only the satisfaction of sex kept the masses contented, and how worship attained but poor success in its ability to satisfy mankind.

And He looked at the men who controlled the world, and who prayed to Him fervently after their own manner. They praised Him for devising a world where power not truth could maintain ascendancy. They extolled Him for the fecundity of the masses which allowed for both that increase in population necessary to swell their own prosperity, and for the sensual satisfaction which in itself was sufficient to control the populace.

And then again He scanned the masses and observed the younger members, those who still had their ideals, and who were ferreting out haphazardly the uncertain goal. And He almost wept when He saw them going as blind men not knowing the way. If only He could direct the seeker; lead him out of his devious way, and show him his true path, which would inevitably lead him to the goal he was capable of achieving. Oh! that man could be saved from that futile and irreparable waste of effort. But things were not so ordered on earth. And He turned away disconsolate.

M. B. R.



# God Only Knows

by  
Hayden E. Norwood

THE Creator was bored. Mankind had been sinning so long, and sinning without any interesting originality, that the Lord was tired of concocting punishments to afflict the whole two-legged race with. He was disgusted with floods, plagues, and earthquakes; he craved diversion.

"Who is better suited to rid me of my melancholia," said he, "than that fellow who used to write plays four or five centuries ago——Shakespeare I think his name was."

Thereupon the good Lord sent for Shakespeare who, with Ben Jonson, was nestling in the folds of a fluffy cloud idly strumming a stringed instrument.

"William," said the Omnipotent One, "for some time now I've heard the critics down there on the earth wrangling about a character you created called Hamlet. I always thought you a master dramatist, but how is it that you make a character that no one can fully understand?"

"I assure you your Lordship is not just  
When of such fault you do accuse Shakespeare."

"William, please dispense with the blank verse," said God, "we know each other."

"I'm not to blame," said the Bard of Avon, "if the critics down there choose to make a mystery out of my Hamlet; when I was alive everybody understood what kind of a man Hamlet was. You understand, don't you?"

"Why—why, sure," said the Lord, "I'm God."

"Then why did you ask me," asked Shakespeare scratching his high forehead.

"Oh, I wanted to find out if you solved Hamlet's mystery for yourself—you know some critics say you didn't."

"Why, there wasn't any mystery to solve. Hamlet's as clear as a crystal brook," cried Shakespeare warming to the subject with heat worthy of a twentieth century critic. "Personally, your Omnipotence, might I ask what your interpretation of my Hamlet is?"

"Why, sure," said Jehovah, "and I'll tell you in an interesting way. I'll cause a man to be born in the world in whom I'll put a soul similar to the kind of soul I think your Hamlet had. You will know by the way this man acts that your Hamlet would have acted in the same way in a similar situation. By that token you will know that my idea of Hamlet is correct."

"Good, and we'll watch him together and see how he gets along in the nineteenth century."

"You'll pardon me," said God, "but this is the twentieth century."

"You ought to know," Shakespeare replied, "you're the creator."

\* \* \* \* \*

John Robinson was a tall, thin young man with a pale face, and he smoked cigarettes incessantly. He was nervous and his fingers trembled as he turned over the pages of Durant's "Story of Philosophy." He was waiting for a girl-friend on the street-corner and read as he stood under the street lamp. A chance acquaintance passed and said, "What are you reading, John?"

"Just a bunch of words," he answered.

## The Lehigh Review

Molly was a girl with a gentle face, but a shrewd heart was concealed in her bosom. No man had selected her as his life-partner as yet, and the number of candles on her birthday-cake was steadily increasing.

"John," she said as they strolled down the boulevard, "do you love me as much as ever on a beautiful night like this?"

"Why," he gasped, coming out of a reverie into which he had fallen, "now that you remind me of it, I love you more than ever on a night like this."

"When shall we be married, John?"

"Molly — you know I never can make up my mind."

"Oh, I know that well enough — you're one of the most helpless men I've ever seen. You're always reading and philosophising and never think of practical things. What will you do when your father dies and you have to support both of us?"

Young Robinson screwed up a gruesome countenance and said, "Ah, yes, death is a mysterious thing. I often ponder, Molly, on what the next life will bring to us — will we be beautiful angels, or — oh dreadful thought — like a worm crushed under foot, return to ignoble dust!"

But this wasn't the way to get a wedding band, and Molly knew it. So in the dusk she let her feminine weakness overcome her and fell deliciously into his arms; she told him it was love. She made up his mind to marry her the following Saturday, it being now Wednesday.

Now it happened that young Robinson was already a husband. How it was that

he let himself become inveigled into being a prospective bigamist he did not know. He was putty in the hands of fate — he was the victim of a remorseless power stronger than himself.

He was worried and tore his hair. All the philosophers were his friends, but they couldn't help him now. Robinson had some insight into human nature and so he knew Molly would be a living fury should she know all. What sayeth the poet,—

"A woman scorned —"

John took his father's car and went for a ride; it was the best way for him to cool off and think the matter over. He had always been a weak and vacillating child; his mother, his teachers, his friends, and lastly his wife, had always made up his mind for him.

Look! a fork in the road — which highway to take, right or left? One goes up a hill which may have a beautiful prospect on the other side, while the other winds like a snake down into a glorious valley. Which road to take? Quick, quick! the car travels fast and we're almost to the fork! Which road — never mind, it's too late now.

And that is the end of the history of John Robinson. An oak tree grew at the branching of the road.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Am I right in my interpretation," asked God.

"You're wrong," said Shakespeare.

"Well, you ought to know," said the Lord, "you created him."

# Social Status

by  
C. Brooks Peters

IT WAS at the Ritz, during the Christmas vacation, that Dudley Parker became acquainted with Connie Mason. Helen Vandiver was making her debut, and Dudley's family had insisted that he attend. When Dudley had objected, his mother had insinuated that he should be happy to be in the company of nice, respectable girls—after having passed, as he had confessed in letters, much time with working-girls while away at college. His contacts with the latter group had been made chiefly at public dance-halls, and so his family had argued that since he seemed to enjoy dancing so much, another dance could hardly fail to be enjoyable to him. Dudley's main aversion to attending was that he disliked duty-dances, but felt obliged to do them, and knew that at this party many would be required of him. He disliked, also, the affected interest, on the part of the girls, in any new boy. He had known most of the debutantes since childhood, and so had little interest in them as anything but friends. Consequently, it was with much misgiving that he donned his "tails" and betook himself to the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Parker met Connie Mason quite accidentally. She was seated next to him at supper, and an introduction was forthcoming from her escort, a chap named Stevens, who had attended preparatory school with Parker. He later danced with her—fortunately having no "date" to whom he must devote his undivided attention.

Connie suggested they take a ride in the park or go up to her house. Dudley objected that she had three escorts with her who would most certainly expect to take

her home, but a resonant laugh obliterated all else from his ears. At the conclusion of the dance, Connie led her capture out of the ball-room and bade him await her downstairs. Now Parker, much as he disliked running off with other boys' "dates", was much relieved to leave the party, and his relief was aggravated by the image of sensuous Connie leaving with him. He had had a few drinks, one just does if one expects to live through such an ordeal as the average debutante party, and the prospect of taking a nice girl home amused him.

They arrived at the Mason home, on East 61st Street, some minutes later. Connie had instructed the driver as to their destination, Dudley uttering not a word—no opportunity having arisen for him to do so. They went directly to Connie's sitting-room, on the third floor. A bottle of Scotch immediately appeared, and a few drinks were partaken of.

Conversation was easy, and all was well until—Connie impetuously arose, switched off the center light, lit a lamp in a far corner of the room, and joined Dudley on a chaise. She seated herself next to him and asked permission to recline on his shoulder. Ere long their lips met. Dudley apologized—having but met her two hours before. Again a resonant laugh obliterated all from his ears. Two hours later he left her, feeling very much disgusted with himself.

\* \* \* \* \*

Back at school a few weeks later Dudley had occasion to visit, in company with a friend, a public dance-hall. Observing a comely young person unenga-

## The Lehigh Review

ged he asked her for the dance. She accepted and they danced. She reminded him of Connie Mason—the same sort of figure. She lacked the Mason girl's sophistication and glib conversation, but then she was just a factory-girl in a public dance-hall. Dudley remained with her all evening and, the dance being concluded, asked her to go out with him.

They went to a "beer-garden," the girl, Dudley, his friend, and another girl. They all imbibed freely, although the two

girls stopped several steins before the boys, and then they started to take the girls home. They stopped "enroute" however, and Dudley placed his arm about the girl. She neither said nor did anything. He drew her head down and kissed her — more sensually than love could warrant. He thought to go further, but a cool voice said, very simply yet quite conclusively, "Please don't do that." They took the girls home and returned to their own lodgings.



### TO JENNIE

Jennie, with the golden hair,  
Was sweet, so sweet to me,  
But, Jennie, with the golden hair,  
They've ta'en her away from me.

I'm all alone; I shed a tear;  
Real men don't cry like this,  
But oh! I'm weary, hungry for  
The heav'n of Jennie's kiss.

"The earth is chill and damp," they say.  
I know that someone errs;  
A grave, I'm sure, could ne'er be cold  
That holds a heart like hers.

Wm. G. Alcorn



# High Life in New York

by  
William Port

“WELL,” said Celia, dropping in a tired way into a chair, “you certainly made a mess of things to-night.”

“What are you talking about, honey?” answered her husband, benignantly, while he adjusted his tie, and smiled approvingly at his reflection in the living-room mirror.

“You know perfectly well what I’m talking about,” retorted Celia, “you practically forced Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers to go home.”

“Now, now, little lady!” and Mr. E. Spencer Owen (Eddie, to his intimates) lumbered reassuringly over to his wife. At least, he hoped that he was about to reassure her. It came to his mind that old Rodgers and his wife **had** left rather abruptly, and without the usual formalities of saying what a nice time they had had.

“You had too much to drink, in the first place. You know that you can’t hold your liquor very well.”

Mr. Owen expressed his emotion at this implication that he was not a gentleman by a loud hiccough. He opened a window. “Damn stuffy in here,” he muttered in semi-apology.

“Well, maybe I did act a little too ‘happy’,” he conceded, “but Mr. Rodgers was feeling pretty gay himself, until he kind of sobered up all at once, and beat it. Say, maybe the thought that I called him a fool! You know, he made an original bid of one spade, on that last hand we played, and he only had four spades, and I said — ”

“Yes, I know! You said that only fools bid on a four-card suite. I’m surprised

that Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers didn’t throw down their cards on the table right then and walk out.”

Owen pondered over this. “I guess that I shouldn’t have said that,” he decided, “I guess that I ought to apologize.”

“I guess that’s the first bright idea you’ve had in five years. But it’s too late **now**.”

Celia was surprised and a little ashamed to find herself laying down a law of social etiquette to her big husband. For one thing, he was so much older than herself—she was only twenty, and he was fifteen years older. His bulk had loomed in front of her for the first time, little more than a year before.

He had come from Cleveland, as assistant promoter of a hydro-electric water plant, which was to be installed in the little Ohio town in which she lived. She had admired his double-breasted waistcoats, and the protective way in which he called her “little lady”.

He was a dreamer, he had announced to her. “I want to go to New York, and do Big Things, but I won’t go until you say that you’ll go with me, little lady.”

New York! What a glittering array of promises it had held out for Celia, who had never been there!

“All right, Eddie,” she had said.

Eddie had no immediate prospects of accomplishing any Big Things, so they perched themselves high in a low-priced flat of an apartment building. Eddie found himself a job as salesman of houses in a real estate development in a New Jersey suburb. In six months, the Rodgers, who lived next door, were the only

## The Lehigh Review

acquaintances that they had made, and now, Celia knew, they had lost them.

"Oh, I'm sorry that I ever saw you!" she burst out, and was immediately sorry that she had said it. But she had had to say something to break through Eddie's thick self-satisfaction! She crossed over to the desk to write a letter, and sat with her back to him.

"So that's it," Eddie muttered to himself. He stared at the open window. An idea came to his mind. He'd show little Celia what a fellow he was!

He went silently to the window, glanced once at the street five stories below, then, balancing carefully, he pushed his body through the window, till he hung full length, with a firm grasp on the ledge. He was not trying to commit suicide, but he was still inebriated, and had the drunk-en man's fear of nothing.

Celia ran over to the window, leaned over, and grasped him. "Eddie!" she shouted, "what are you trying to do?"

Eddie was sobering up rapidly, and hence was beginning to feel afraid, but he put on a pretence of being debonair. "Just wanted to give you a little scare.

Give me a hand!"

Celia tugged, and Eddie strained upwards a little, but nothing came of it. He began to sweat. "My fingers!" he panted, "they're feeling weaker!"

His wife screamed, "Help! Help! Oh, Help!"

Mr. Rodgers came running in. "What the hell?" he asked, then reached over the ledge, got a firm grip on Eddie, and yanked him in.

"I see that there is more than one kind of a fool," he observed. "You should have a keeper, man!" He turned on his heel and went out."

Eddie adjusted his tie, and patted a loose strand of hair into place. "I hope that this has taught you a lesson, young lady," he said, expecting to see a humble look in her eyes.

But though she stared at him steadily for a long time, the look which she gave him was blank of expression. For she was concentrating. "I wonder," she thought, "will they give me back my job of playing the church organ at home, if I go back as a divorced woman?"





## Another Year

It is with a double significance that this issue, the last of the 1930-1931 season, appears. It marks the departure of the Senior members of the Board, and the advancement of lower classmen to the various positions on the Staff. The year has passed all too quickly, and many things were left undone, but the future seems to presage brightness. The advent of a new year always brings with it new opportunities, and there is little doubt but that the impetus of "young" blood will carry **The Review** onward and upward as never before.

To the retiring men, we say a fond and regretful farewell. To the new officers, we bid a hearty welcome. To the University, we extend a cordial invitation to express its opinions through the medium of this publication. To the world at large, we repeat that **The Review** is the literary magazine of Lehigh University. As such, it justifies its existence and continuance, and merits the unstinted support of the students. It is well to remember that, when literature dies, the world will not long remain.

## The Blue Pencil Club

At the beginning of next semester, an informal Blue Pencil Club will come into being. All those who enjoy writing, and who hesitate to take a writing course, with its resultant coercion and narrowness of scope, will appreciate such a move. The love of writing is the only requirement for admission, and there is the added advantage of getting articles in **The Review** through this medium. When a student has had several articles accepted by **The Review**, he is eligible for election to the Board. The extent of faculty supervision will be no more than that of wielding a blue pencil, and the pointing out and discussion of sundry books on good writing.

## Our Policy

No doubt we are expected at this time to set forth our policy. We intend to follow along the lines established by our predecessors, but will also try to enlarge the scope of this publication. We are trying to increase the number of depart-

## The Lehigh Review

ments so as to touch as many fields as possible. Diversification of material is most important, and **thus** we will endeavor to draw from such sources as biography, the publication of lecture extracts, research articles of general interest, interviews, in addition to the fields already entered.

**The Review** was founded for the purpose of "providing opportunity to students for literary expression of ideas, ideals, or opinions." Hence the character of **The Review** depends largely upon the students. In order to fulfil its fundamental aim it is essential that **The Review** is given whole-hearted support.

### Caps and Gowns

The time of year is fast approaching when some professors will ferret through the moth-balls for their caps and gowns. Others will be forced to hire these prized badges of high learning. The twentieth century goes forward, there is change everywhere in our vibrant civilization; but the men of erudition continue to don their uniforms as though time were at a standstill. Need we point out to them how everywhere throughout the land, undergraduates are discarding worn-out customs of hazing and regimenting the hitherto luckless Freshman? Need we point out to them how ritual and fetish is being banished from the undergraduate world? It would be well for them in turn to take a lesson from their pupils.



CATERING TO PARTIES AND SOCIETIES

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# To-day or Yesteryear?

by  
Theodore Ehrsam, Jr.

**S**LOWLY the sun rises over the horizon, hesitates a second, then shoots up into the sky. Its long yellow hands touch and paint a quiet village with its rays. Along the main street the slanting beams cast huge shadows of the squat buildings. All is calm at home . . . . .

Southwards from the edge of town run twin bands of steel: the tracks of a railroad. A dozen miles along these ribbons lies the city. Over the rails spin huge steeds, spurred by electricity, and leaving behind no tell-tale cloud of smoke.

In the city — seething, throbbing with life — some streets are wide, and others are narrow; all are crowded. From on high each structure seems like an ant-hill, into which many ants are hurrying. Yet are these streets, or are they merely the beds of canyons, worn down by the countless tread of numberless feet?

Everywhere there are gigantic buildings, temples to the great god of Business. These glitter and gleam resplendently in the sunlight, as they stretch their gaunt arms to the sky in gestures of defiance. Nor wind nor sun, nor rain nor cloud, can remove their triumphant smiles, or humble their haughty mien. All is restless in the city . . . . .

Beneath the shells of these varying surroundings is man. He lives half his days in the office, equipped with all the mechanical helps that science can provide. Half his life is spent in the seclusion of his home, and so are his moments divided.

At his desk you may find him, but he is not chained, as were the serfs in time past. He does not ride forth from home in search of adventure, for there are no

Medusas for Perseus to slay. To-day's uncharted lands lie in the realm of the mind, or in the kingdom of business. He has exchanged his snowy-white charger for an oaken swivel-chair, and his shimmering spear for a smoothly writing pen. With these he has conquered more than all the knights of antiquity, for steeds and spears alike avail naught except in time of war. Even then they fail to be of service except they secure peace.

His countenance is not as rose-red as might be, and yet what means that? Is it not significant that the life-span of human beings has been extended considerably? Are not women of to-day more robust and healthy than the weak wan ladies whose hearts quickened at sight of Sir Gawain? Witness the bravery of women in breasting so treacherous a body of water as the English Channel, and the daring of men who died in the last war that democracy might remain unharmed. What deeds of spear can match the superb courage shown by Lindbergh?

At no time, other than at the beginning of the world, have people dressed more healthfully than to-day, nor was cleanliness ever before so stressed. Naturally, though, the streets of a busy city can hardly hope to be spotlessly clean. Constant flushing and even vacuum-cleaning of the pavements are used by most cities to keep the streets free from dirt. Even that most enviable and romantic custom of the Middle Ages — that of dropping garbage from the casements upon the street and on possible strollers below — has been, most generally, discontinued. There are some persons who consider the methods of refuse disposal of the Twenti-

## The Lehigh Review

eth Century obnoxious. Would that they had walked the streets in King Arthur's time.

Adventure, immorality and color seem to have been keynotes in the 'mediaeval glory'. Unfortunately, as mentioned before, there are no dragons to be killed to-day. Fortunately, the moral standards have certainly made a turn for the better. At least a beautiful, or even an ugly, woman is fairly safe to-day, even though her 'gallant protector' is arrayed in blue instead of silver, and carries a gun instead of a spear. Finally, such outrageous combinations of color as graced, or disgraced, the bodies of mediaeval people, were better buried in the obscurity of the past. The sun has not yet done blushing for shame at the queer jumbles

these ancients made of colors . . . . .

Man turns from his desk, and dons his coat and hat. A few strides bring him to a subway train, where he is whisked along to his suburban-bound train. Another half-hour and he is home, amid comforts and luxuries of every sort. His dwelling is plain but pretty, tasteful but not garish. In short, it is really a home, and not just a house.

The sun sinks low in the west, and sends a few lingering glances at the man's face. There it sees contentment and peace, which are the twin solaces of work well done. The slow twilight grows to darkness, and a hearty fire crackles on the hearth, as the day ends. We are glad to be moderns.

### IGNORANCE

A man soul-tossed on seas of care  
Sought all about for relief,  
He knew not whither  
To turn for rest,  
So far had he come  
And so long.  
From out the sighing of the wind  
There came a breath  
Soft and vibrant.  
For a time he stood  
Transfixed, rooted to the ground.  
Then, as if to heed  
The voice which had filled  
Him with its spirit,  
He sought the Haven  
Of Love.  
Poor fool; had he but known  
The harbor of a woman's arms  
To be peaceful as a tempest  
Steady as the shifting sands,  
He well would have sold his soul  
Than give his heart away.

T. E.



### "MELO"

If one were to plunge critically, slanderously, and inhumanely into the merits and demerits of a theatrical production, brandishing a mighty hatchet, similar to the one Carrie Nation was accustomed to use in her bar-room smash-ups, one would find few producers who would have sufficient nerve, as well as capital, to launch a new season. Thus, it is my idea that a play is not thoroughly bad if it has, at least, some features that can truly be complimented and enjoyed.

In **Melo**, a melodrama with a very familiar plot, we have several features that are indicative of the fact that both the playwright and the setting designer were well acquainted with the stage. For, Henry Bernstein, the playwright, has several scenes on the partitioned stage that will appear new to most theater-goers. I am referring, in particular, to the pantomime scenes on the dock and in the graveyard, as well as to blustering boisterous gigolo scene at the exterior of the café.

The settings, as I hinted before, were of the utmost importance to the success of the play. One can not but help to be attached to a production wherein the

scenes are numerous, unique, and, attractive.

Heading the cast, are Basil Rathbone, Edna Best, and Earle Larimore. Mr. Rathbone characterizes the rôle of a famous musician, who steals a part of his heart away from his art, in order to become the passionate lover of the wife of his best friend. The wife, Edna Best, portrayed very impressively, plays the part of the woman who loves but knows she shouldn't. Earle Larimore, the helpless hapless husband, does the finest piece of acting in the production, and deserves the applaudits of the audience.

It is an interesting piece of dramaturgy.

### "FIVE STAR FINAL"

If you have a desire to see a production that is sparkling with action, if you wish to see a play that has an intense and meaningful plot, if you have an inkling in mind that you would like to see comedy, drama, and melodrama, all thrown into one show, see **Five Star Final**.

**Five Star Final** has, in its twenty-one scenes, a little of **Green Pastures**, **Front Page**, **Kibitzer**, and other shows that have been on Broadway. Here we have an

## The Lehigh Review

insight into a little social and domestic life; there we have an incident from the life of our zealous, ambitious, and selfish business world; over yonder, we observe the unsuspecting and illiterate multitude. Truly, a kaleidoscopic view of life.

Even though there are twenty scenes, the continuity is well planned. The usage of a partitioned stage affords the audience an opportunity to witness the scenes that take place in different localities at the same time, a fine means of keeping the audience attentive and interested.

Arthur Byron, the star of the show, typifies the industrious editor of the newspaper, whose policy is to manufacture more and more scandal and filth, and to spread it farther and farther. However, upon making a noticeable improvement in the circulation and advertisement departments, at the expense of the ruination of four lives, he decides to resign and to devote the remainder of his life to the appeasing of his conscience.

**Five Star Final** is being considered as a possibility for the Pulitzer Award, and rightly so.

### "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"

**The Admirable Crichton**, by Barrie, is having a successful revival in New York. It might be imagined that the theme and treatment are outworn. On the contrary, the delicate, deft Barrie touches, are proving to be as entertaining as ever under the distinguished guidance of Walter Hampden and Fay Bainter.

The simple story of a butler, naturally the underdog in England, assuming control and command of a nobleman's family on a desert isle still seems to have some appeal with a metropolitan audience accustomed to gangsters, night clubs, and the like.

Walter Hampden is as impressive as ever in his perfect characterization and clear delivery. This marks the first time in a number of years that Mr. Hampden is to be seen in a production not under his tutelage. Such a development is no doubt being scrutinized carefully by the New York theatrical world.





# The Film

## MEN CALL IT LOVE

An excellent example of a routine picture made into first-rate entertainment through intelligent dialogue, adroit direction, and natural acting. Although any number of scenes suggests its stage origin, it remains essentially a moving-picture. Rapid switching of locale, swiftly-moving episodes, each built around a little climax of its own, and a rather definite tempo attest thoroughly to a complete mastery of the Hollywood formula of the well-made movie. The director, Edgar Selwyn, is himself an old stage man, but he seems to be altogether aware of all the tricks in his new trade.

The story is based on a play by Vincent Lawrence, originally called **Among the Married**. Lawrence is one of the few American playwrights Mr. George Jean Nathan can still respect. A few possible reasons may be that the wisecrack is something Lawrence seems to shun, rather than cultivate; that his characters are neither subnormal nor abnormal, but every-day people who seem neither sensational nor melodramatic, but merely commonplace, and yet not so commonplace as to be banal; that his plots are absolutely credible, the sort of plots that recall to the spectator domestic situations within his own knowledge that exactly parallel the situations Lawrence uses to pivot his plots. In other words, a dramatist who merely reports what he sees around him rather than one who invents

fictitious situations out of his own possibly febrile imagination.

A young married couple in the country club set, a celebrated philanderer who almost breaks up their marriage. Common sense wins out in the end, the philanderer forgets himself long enough to give up the woman he loves to the man she really loves. An incredible situation? Possibly, but then again no more incredible than life itself at times. Men have been known to give up even the women they loved for the sake of a memory. *Cyrano, Enoch Arden*. . . .

Adolphe Menjou is excellent as the Lothario whose love almost transforms him into a man with principles. The tendency of late has been to give Menjou parts which are both villainous and yet sympathetic. Invariably, Menjou acquits himself with just the right degree of differentiation. He is naughty but also nice. The idea is to suggest to the public that even if he is somewhat of a scoundrel just now, all that will be changed when the right woman comes along. It is a formula that has never failed to please the great American public which just knows that all's right with the world and that everything will come out all right in the end.

Leila Hyams has never appeared to better advantage than as the young wife in this film. She is now in the full bloom of her beauty, and her face is like a garden of roses in June. Norman Foster plays a very human husband, a man who would

## The Lehigh Review

drink himself pie-eyed when his wife leaves him, yet always suggest nothing more than a rather mischievous boy at heart. Mary Duncan and Hedda Hopper outstand in the supporting cast.

### TABU

Something different, a South Sea idyll, filmed in the Society Islands by the late F. W. Murnau. **Tabu** represents a labor of love on Murnau's part, his valiant attempt to break away from the artificiality of the average Hollywood movie. Unfortunately, idylls of noble polynesians seem to go in for just the same sort of sentimentality as idylls of noble Parisians do in such a typical Hollywood tearfest as **Seventh Heaven**, for instance. Murnau lays his local color on pretty thickly, but then not half so successfully as the same local color was laid on by W. S. VanDyke in **White Shadows in the South Seas**, a film really superior to **Tabu** in that it both preceded it and excelled it in its own sphere. **Tabu** is really nothing more than a glorified travelogue with a well-knit story, it is true, but remembered more for its individual flashes rather than for its excellence as a unified film. **White Shadows**, on the other hand, impressed with both its soundness as drama and its indictment of an essentially loud and cheap "civilization" that comes with the missionaries and the saloon-keepers. The climax of **Tabu** is essentially a theatrical climax: a native swimming out into the sea, naively confident in his own powers, believing that he will be able to catch up with a boat that carries his beloved away. Of course, he never catches up with the boat and he drowns in deep water, a lover's death, but also the death of a very short-sighted islander as well.

It was a pity that Murnau felt compelled to spend the last several months of his

life making a film that adds nothing to his prestige as a director; certainly, there is nothing here to compare with his **The Last Laugh**, or **Faust**, or even **Tartuffe**. Murnau was about the only poet, outside of Chaplin, in pictures; scenes in **Faust** took one's breath away with their sheer magic; it was as if Keats thought in terms of celluloid rather than in terms of verse. **The Last Laugh**, probably the greatest film of our time, with the possible exception of **Variety** and **A Dog's Life**, was not only revolutionary in its technique, but also a masterpiece as pregnant with life as anything in Molière. It is easy to sneer at movies at their worst; at their best, in such films as **The End of St. Petersburg** and **The Crowd** and **All Quiet on the Western Front** the movies become the art of our age just as Gothic architecture spoke out for the Middle Ages and Attic sculpture is the articulate crystallization of the Greek genius.

Murnau's casting is as usual beyond censure. Who can ever forget that beggar who accosted the millionaire-porter of the Hotel Atlantic in the last reel of **The Last Laugh**? his plague-stricken mobs in **Faust**? his stolid villagers in **Sunrise**? Hitu, the Old Warrior in **Tabu**, his face shriven like some ancient parchment, suggests Chaucer's Death, the Hebrew Jehovah in some sixteenth-century wood-cuts. Yet he is essentially a just man; he is Tradition and Conservatism impersonified in one person. The girl Reri reminds one of Iphigenia; surely, Agamemnon's daughter must have looked no less lovely when she was led up to the altar to be knifed for her countrymen.

The more one thinks about **Tabu**, the better one likes it. Second-rate Murnau though it is, it is still worth seeing. Though he may nod at times, Murnau is still Murnau.

## The Film

### CITIES AND YEARS

Much more interesting than most Soviet films. The same wretched continuity, however, so that it is difficult to keep either the characters or the plot straight. That same seeming amorphousness of structure that characterizes such plays as **The Lower Depths** and **The Cherry Orchard** has carried itself over into the Russian film. At the slightest provocation, any Russian director will turn on any number of scenes of the October revolution, marching men, surging crowds of strikers, trucks rolling up in front of the Winter Palace in Petrograd, bridges being raised and lowered (symbolism—but at what price?) upon his audience. The orthodox Russian audience invariably swallows all this grandstand stuff just as the orthodox American audience swallows any amount of flag-waving on the part of George M. Cohan. It is all done for the greater glory of the U. S. S. R.

E. B. Cheryakov, the director of **Cities and Years** (adapted from a novel by Konstantin Fedin), is, however, not quite so obvious as to give his audience nothing more than more marching men, surging crowds, etc. Not only does he turn out to be something of a satirist, especially in the scenes in a Munich art gallery before the war and the rather elaborate clowning at the expense of a German Social-Democrat, but he even plays around with a prologue and an epilogue in his film. It is all very badly tied together, almost as badly as Murnau brought **Tartuffe** up to date, but still it does seem to hold the spectator's attention. All along, both subtle presentation of life as well as the most infantile bosh succeed each other with really not much rhyme or reason. But one is grateful even for a little irony in a film approved by the official Soviet censors as fit for consumption by the Russian masses.

The climax of **Cities and Years** is one

of the most astounding climaxes ever presented on any screen. Two brothers, both members of the Communist party, seem at odds as to how far a good Bolshevik should go. The issue arises because Andrey, a painter in Munich before the war, has decided to renew his friendship—by mail—with a pretty German woman whose one unforgivable sin, in the eyes of Kurt, Andrey's brother, was that she was a social parasite, a woman who definitely belonged to the capitalistic world, and hence a woman whom Andrey should have shunned as if she were the plague. So what does Kurt do? He takes Andrey to the top of a hill at night, gives him a revolver, and tells him that since he is obviously a weakling, a man unworthy to call himself a comrade, there is but one thing he can do. But Andrey wavers even on the threshold of death. Impatient with his backboneless brother, Kurt takes out his Browning and shoots his brother in the head. For Lenin, for the U. S. S. R., and for the ultimate success of the Piatiletka! Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord.

It is all meant as a lesson to the comrades who think that they can have any sort of intercourse whatsoever with the capitalistic enemy. The war is on and no true Communist should ever commit himself to any sort of traffic with the foreign bourgeoisie. Somehow, it seems a terrible moral code in which almost every man can set himself up as both judge and executioner of his fellow-man. Blood ties mean nothing when the fate of a nation is at stake. Dramatically, however, Cheryakov's climax is superb theater, as superb as the several complications in **Le Cid** in which a lover is forced, through Slavish adherence to another, now happily obsolete, inhuman moral code, to run his sword through the loins of his fiancée's father, only to avenge a stupid quarrel between two old men.



# The Lehigh Review

## DISHONORED

Josef von Sternberg is at present doing the best directing in the world. A born manipulator of the camera, he amazes the intelligent spectator with the composition of his scenes, the brilliant arrangement of light and shadow, close-ups that tell a life-story in a fleeting second. One remembers individual scenes from his pictures as one remembers some Old Masters, such studies in composition, light and shadow, facial characterization as Rembrandt's **The Anatomy Lesson**, for example. It is not camera angles, either, that amaze the spectator so much as the altogether original treatment he gives to the least detail, the sort of detail that another director would look upon as mere routine, padding. He seems never satisfied with the ordinary way of doing things; just because it was always done this way does not necessarily prove anything to him; he must work out what he thinks is the right way to do this scene. Yet, unlike the Russians, he does not seem an experimentalist because he never abandons tradition entirely; he keeps up with the latest trends, but adopts only those innovations which seem to him sane and genuinely effective.

There is probably no more highly polished technician in the American film industry to-day. Technique, whatever other things may be said against it, is essentially an artist's way of doing things, it is the way the world looks to him when his senses are most alive. It is what appears to him as the best solution of any particular problem. Stories and plots are themselves unimportant except as they illustrate certain ideas the artist may have in his mind. Audiences, like children, must have plots; we must have our happy endings and our characters all in black and white, or else we will not like the picture. Inasmuch as the moving-picture is still a

commercial, rather a subsidized, art, the audience invariably gets what it wants. The amazing thing about von Sternberg is that he manages to introduce all sorts of ideas where one would least expect them. That is why the average unthinking spectator imagines his pictures are at times utter rot, not at all what he thinks they should have been. An individualist has always trouble having himself understood in a world of conformists.

The story, a conventional spy melodrama, does not particularly matter with von Sternberg (it will be interesting to see how he will fare with **An American Tragedy** and compare his film with Vidor's production of **Street Scene**), although it is well enough worked out, with considerable suspense to hold its audience. Certain sensational aspects of his films are what more or less makes them good box-office. Shakespeare also had to resort to slapstick in order to hold his pit. No one can get very far in any art without learning to compromise his taste with that of his public.

The acting of Marlene Dietrich, the latest European Mona Lisa to catch the American fancy, seems to improve with every film. Under von Sternberg's direction she blossoms out like some rare petunia. One likes to watch her face to see that flicker of thought light up her eyes. She is both an intelligent woman and a beauty—rarely does one see such a happy blend. Of course, the movies have very little use for her intelligence; the camera plays up her legs, her rather buxom, but not too buxom, built. She is too much a houri just now to be an actress. Posing seems to be enough.

Minor parts are taken well care of by such veteran actors as Gustav von Seyffertitz as the Head of the Austrian Secret Service, a solid piece of work; Warner

(Continued on Page 44)



# Walks and Moods

by  
Fay C. Bartlett

"A journey of a thousand miles begins with one step."—Chinese Proverb.

TO be an artist walker, one must have a keen sense of humor, and an appreciation of people. At times the city streets, pushing crowds have an appeal; other times the lone walk along the beach during a storm gives the walker a heartfelt experience. Walks that I have enjoyed:—

The after-the-show stroll through the theater district and the dash down the side street to the little café that's different.

The walks with a schoolmaster who loved wine, Shelley, and prize fights.

A walk at midnight through a colored district.

A walk with a bank clerk who could box, and paint china.

A walk to a lighthouse on a barren point during a storm.

A hike over the New Hampshire hills, singing songs with an ex-army sergeant.

Walks that I should like to have taken:—

The journey that Emile and his tutor took to visit Sophie.

A walk with Alexander Smith in his garden.

A saunter with Dr. Johnson and Boswell.

A jaunt along the open road with Walt Whitman.

The true walker will understand Bliss Carmen when he says,—

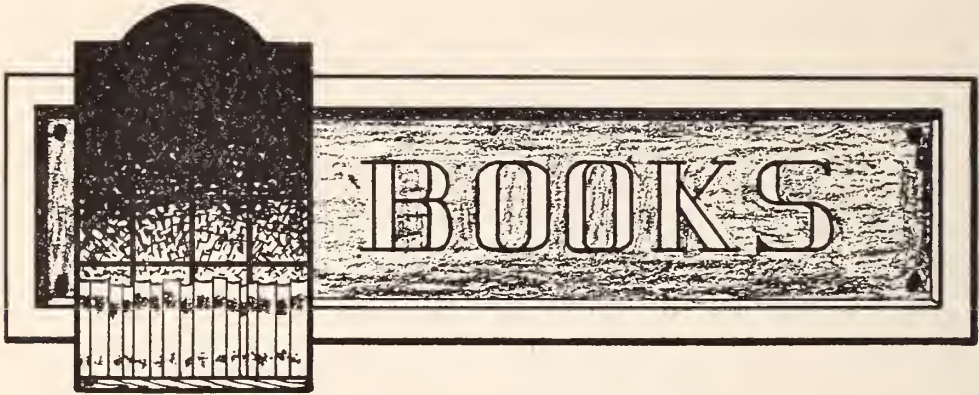
"An open hand, an easy shoe,  
And a hope to make the day go through."

He will appreciate Tennyson's beautiful lines from "In Memoriam",—

"I climb the hill from end to end,  
Of all the landscape underneath  
I find no place that does not breathe  
Some gracious memory of my friend."

We will continue our walks, sometimes looking for our Arthur, sometimes on a crowded street, and sometimes with the faith of Sir Richard Burton when he says,—

"Wend now thy way with brow serene  
Fear not thy humble tale to tell.  
The whispers of the Desert wind,  
The tinkling of the camel's bell."



## SUCCESS

by Lion Feuchtwanger

Punch had a frightful number of enemies. Barely had he vanquished the policeman, when the income tax collector perforce had to be mollified with a crack over the head. And interminably it seemed that other enemies sprang up, a boxer, a demoniac doctor and finally the devil himself. And Punch vanquished each in his turn and then subsided with a hollow laugh. Even the dead speak.

Whether or not Feuchtwanger was pleading a cause against the barbarism of modern Munich, in particular, and the jurist system of the world in general, or, whether with a cynical turn of philosophy he was expounding the fatalistic view of death, the conqueror, mocking futile mortal achievement; he has evolved from the intricate workings of a brilliant mind, a fascinating picture of Bavaria. **Success** is a veritable tone poem contained within the boundaries of an ordinary publisher's product and yet not confined to its pages. The thoughts, both spoken and suggested, carry the reader a thousand miles away into a labyrinth of retrospection and future speculation. Such a work is bound for posterity.

There is a plot simple and yet compelling that runs like a theme played by the bases in a symphony, the gamut of this masterpiece of writing. Martin Kruger, the Minister of Fine Arts, unwittingly becomes the pawn of the political machinations of Bavarian justice. On the barest of pretexts he is sentenced to imprisonment. He dies ignominiously before his avengers achieve success in contriving his pardon. Often his release has been on the verge of culmination only to subside in the dung-heaps of political embroils. Just as Punch, after innumerable cheap encounters, finally subsides into a mirthful death, so does Martin Kruger, two years after his death emerge to torment his executioners, in the story told by his mistress and witnessed on the talking screen.

This is the tenor of the work. But there is woven around the unostentatious tale, a masterful description of the state of justice and its relation to political scheming in Bavaria. The author at once condemns Munich for its provincial faults, à la Sinclair Lewis, and then revels in delightful contemplation of its picturesque character. He is like an indulgent mother who loves her child for his faults. Intricately interlaced into the pattern of this

## Books

book are the most human characterizations of Ministers of Parliament, of upstart communists, of stage comedians. There are intimate incidents superficially irrelevant to the theme, but, together with allegories not at all painfully allegorical, extremely pertinent to the unfolding of the author's point of view.

One does not attempt to wax prosaic, in bellowing that in the reading of **Success**, one undergoes hours of deepest cogitation. The work is stimulating, fascinating. Feuchtwanger has a thought, but he doesn't care who is baptized by it.

### FREAK SHOW

by Andre Sobol

**Freak Show** is divided into two fairly well defined portions. The first is a series of "Shadow Pictures", short sketches of events and persons. The latter part of the book is a collection of longer stories, all except one being laid in Russia, during and right after the Revolution, although the time is not specified. One gathers that it is not important. It is almost as if Sobol were trying to imply that since the fall of the Romanoffs, Russia has been one long series of disorderly riots with murder, rape, starvation and suffering as the order of the day. The last story of the book, "Blue Heaven", seems out of place. It is a humorous story of the personalities gathered at an old residential hotel on the Italian Riviera, and has the sudden humorous twist at the end which was so beloved by O. Henry. It is a complete anomaly in the light of the rest of the book.

The "Shadow Pictures" are the most enjoyable stories in the book. They have very little beginning or end. They just seem to start and stop. The impression remains that they are almost glances of life seen from a train window. It seems to be just chance that Sobol picked up

the adventures of the main character where he did, instead of a week before, or a month later, and in most of the cases he just drops them, as if the train had moved on, leaving the reader to wonder what happened next. Sometimes the principal character dies, usually by violence, but even then another writer would have indicated, at least by inference, what became of the rest of the personalities which he has evoked. Even in the event of the death or disappearance of his leading character, Sobol leaves his story hanging in the air. For example, a man is ruling a Russian village with a high hand, killing at the slightest pretext, and in general making a nuisance of himself. In the midst of an orgy, one of his lieutenants steps up, and placing a pistol to his head, arrests him in the name of the Soviet. There Sobol drops the story. He does not seem to be even interested in whether the man is killed or manages to escape, and by the time the reader has gotten into the swing of the book, he does not seem to care either.

Sobol has evoked the image of life as something that flows on, without rhyme or reason. His brilliant and fast-moving style, practically unencumbered with descriptive matter, except for finely chosen adjectives makes these stories really worth reading. Part of this brilliance is, no doubt, to be credited to the excellent translation of Jenny Covan. It is unfortunate that other foreign authors, and especially some Russians and Frenchmen do not have the good fortune to have their works brought into English by such a competent translator.

### GRAND HOTEL

by Vicki Baum

This novel by Vicki Baum, translated from the German, is both well written and entertaining. As the current play

## The Lehigh Review

which follows this novel gives us a story of hotel life, through the eyes of a hotel detective, so the book gives us a much clearer view through the imagination of the author.

The book gives us a vivid and interesting description of many incidents occurring at different times in various parts of a large hotel, while an old free-lance doctor, veteran of many wars and incidents, bemoans the fact that nothing ever happens, and that the world is getting to be, "a crumbling affair not to be grasped or held." Such were the doctor's thoughts as he was sitting in the lobby of the hotel. At this moment, the debonair Gaigern, a worthless individual, left the hotel, and a little later, Madame Grusinskaya, the actress. Then the sickly Kringelein who, knowing that he was soon to die and was making a desperate effort to have one last look at life, registered soon after Gaigern left. Shortly after this, Gaigern's employer, Preysing, the General Director of a large cotton goods company, registered. It is around these people that the story is written.

In Kringelein's effort to see life, he meets Gaigern. Gaigern offers to show him some of the life he has missed being a bookkeeper under Preysing, hoping that he might remove some of the money of which Kringelein seems to have an abundance. The book goes to some length in describing their adventures together, in night clubs, bars, while motoring and flying. In the meantime, Preysing is meeting the crisis of his life in trying to bring about a consolidation with another big cotton mill. All the meetings take place in the hotel. For his stenographic work he hires a beautiful model, Flammchen. Gaigern finds that he cannot get money from Kringelein as easily as he first suspected, so, knowing that Grusinskaya possesses a fine string of pearls, he climbs

over the facade of the hotel into her rooms. When he had pocketed the pearls, he finds that he is locked in the room and cannot return to his own. While there, the actress returns and finds him. He pleads that he is there only because he admires her and loves her. Since she is becoming old, and her love life has been very inadequate, she believes him. They find that they really love each other, and she urges him to become her gigilo; he refuses, but promises to meet her in Vienna. Preysing, a very staid individual, had seen a picture of his stenographer as a model and immediately desires her. He lets her know this and she agrees, for two thousand marks. On their first night together, Gaigern attempts to rob Preysing's wallet, thinking he is out. In self-defence, Preysing kills him. Flammchen becomes hysterical and flees to a room which happens to be Kringelein's. He comforts her as well as he can. Preysing, knowing that his mistress will be found out in the trial by his wife and father, knows that he is practically ruined. Grusinskaya tries in vain to get her lover on the telephone. Kringelein, realizing that he has but a few months in which to live, keeps Flammchen as his mistress. The doctor continues to sit in the lounge staring out into the street, hoping that something will happen which will relieve him of such monotony even if it is death. However, "The events that happen in a big hotel do not constitute entire human destinies complete and rounded off. They are fragments merely, scraps, pieces. The people behind its doors may signify much or little. They may be rising or falling in the scale of life. Prosperity and disaster may be parted by no more than the thickness of a wall. The revolving door twirls around and what passes between arrival and departure is nothing complete in itself." Such is the essence of the book.



## THE WIFE OF STEFFAN TRMHOLT

by Hermann Sudermann

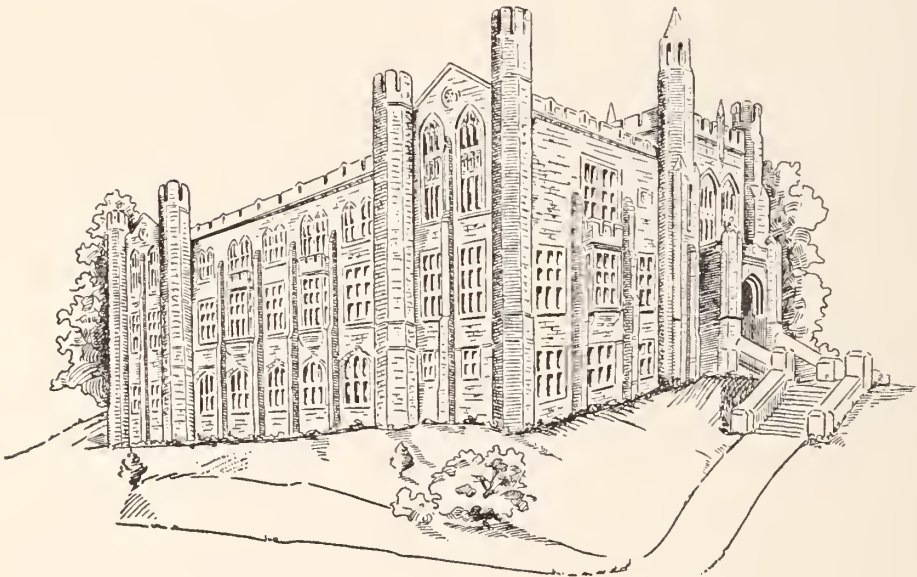
The first volume appears cheap, meaningless, and supercilious. But the second volume is so compassionate, so tenderly understanding; the outpourings of a maturity that most people never reach. Was the first volume merely an introduction to this sweeping, overpowering masterpiece? One would rather think not. It was drawn out, episodic. Or perhaps the tender hands of retrospective falsification will smooth out the roughness of this flaw with the refined, experienced touch of the wondrous finale. Perhaps, the difficulty lies in the marvelous repute in which Sudermann is held. After all, it is no inconceivable thought that the greatest of men will be unable at times to maintain a continuous flow of perfected artistry.

Steffan Trmholt is admirably drawn. Here is the egoistic artist, a painter who stands out as prominently in his age as Michelangelo and Raphael did in theirs. Although he is quite worldly in amorous affairs, he is tremendously attracted to Brigitte, who is an extremely sympathetic, tender soul; and yet without the luring propensities which characterized his usual mistresses. He marries her and then this family, along with her legacy, three children from a former marriage, try to settle down into the prosaic humdrum married life to which this Bohemian is so unaccustomed. He leaves her frequently, only to return to her motherly sympathy, which, regardless of the sparks created by his undercover marital lapses, is the real spur to his power of painting. He feels, throughout the life of his spouse that he has ruined himself, that he has thrown away his chances for creation by the stifling bonds of marriage. And yet it is

Brigitte, who is his constant inspiration.

She overlooks his infidelities, and at times even discourages them, for he would do nothing in the world to make her suffer regardless of his tormenting doubts. It is Astrid, young, charming, intelligent person who forms the apex of that old eternal triangle in his later years. But she, too, loves Brigitte. This seems terribly implausible. But Sudermann has brought the touch to it that makes it terribly realistic. Astrid may have been a powerful rival to Brigitte, while the latter lived; but Brigitte dies, and she could not be confronted with a rival. It is now that Steffan realizes that his life was not thrown away when he married the much-maligned wife. Brigitte was the Victress. And he contemplates suicide. But the realization sweeps over him that Brigitte now just as much in death as in life was watching over him with a tender heart and maternal hands, spurring him on to new artistic achievement, soothing his impatient brow in sleep and making his breathing more regular. Indeed, "In the end Steffan Trmholt's wife, hidden away in the tomb, was victorious over death itself."

Sudermann again displays his master hand in the extraordinarily beautiful studies of extremely human beings. They live through the pages. At times you feel as though you can actually put out your hand and touch them. There is no need to expound further on the depth of thought contained in these volumes. That, I believe is sufficiently implied above. Suffice it to say that Sudermann has not impaired his renown a bit in this work. That should be enough to commend the books highly as a meditative, profound, scintillatingly analytical outpouring of a great mind.





# What the General Manufacturing Industries Expect of the Technical Schools

by  
William Butterworth

William Butterworth was graduated from Lehigh University in 1889 with the degree of Mechanical Engineer. He is now President of Deere & Company, Moline, Illinois, and President of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce.

I HAVE been asked to present views on "What the General Manufacturing Industries Expect of the Industrial Schools." The subject is quite comprehensive in character. I shall endeavor, however, to present some of the ideas and convictions that have developed through experience in my own industry and through association with organized American industry as represented in the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

In the Middle Ages and even down to the 19th century a generalized education was approximately attainable. "I have taken all knowledge as my province," Francis Bacon could properly say, even in the days of "Good Queen Bess." Universities were established on the premise that such institutions could gather in the

world's knowledge, analyze, refine and instill it into the minds of students. As long as knowledge and information were derived through speculation or through the processes of deductive philosophy, the sum total was within the range of acquisition of inquiring minds. But since the exact sciences have entered more largely the field of human endeavor, the rate at which information based on facts has been accumulating has made universal education an unattainable aspiration even though one might live to the age of a Methuselah.

To make education useful—to disseminate the best of this accumulated store of knowledge, this great heritage of past endeavor—is in the broadest sense the task of the colleges. "This excellent liquor of knowledge," said Bacon, "would

## The Lehigh Review

soon perish and vanish into oblivion, if it were not preserved in books, traditions, conferences, and especially in places appointed for such matters as universities, colleges, and schools, where it may have both a fixed habitation, and means and opportunity of increasing and collecting itself."

Education ultimately must be applied to the arts and business of life. This requires an effective co-operation between colleges and business. Thus the college needs to understand industry and industry the college, and each must understand itself — its function, its possibilities, and its limitations.

Now the effective co-operation of college and industry is comparatively recent. The present-day communion of interest between the study and the marketplace, between the preparatory analysis of life and life itself, has come about within the memory of many here present. Earlier efforts in this direction were not entirely happy. The advent of the college-trained man into industry was at first viewed with misgivings on the part of many engaged in industry. On the other hand the college looked with a superior and a condescending eye upon industry and pronounced it crude in conduct and devoid of ideals. This, no doubt, was a vestige of the old conception of trade and commerce as debasing and degrading occupations. Happily this attitude, both in industry and in the college, has passed, and to-day there exists a mutual appreciation and a spirit of mutual helpfulness between the man engaged in industry and the man engaged in the work of the college, and indeed those entering industry from the college.

American industry was founded by men who possessed an elemental grasp of the essentials of industry; men who toiled with heroic endurance and inspiring courage. Yet there have been accomplish-

ments equally as great by other men who have not been directly connected with the practical, every-day life of business. There are some things which the practical individual cannot ordinarily ascertain or obtain; things which require scientific training, scientific specialization, with the atmosphere and detachment necessary to scientific investigation and mental concentration. From work such as this have come results ultimately as great as any of those accomplished by the pioneers of industry.

For example, one of the greatest contributions to modern industry was the electric motor. That motor was not the product of the pioneer or the practical man of industry. It was the product of scientific investigation—the product of the laboratory and not of the shop.

Yet the work of the laboratory, unlike that of the shop, does not always bring immediate results. It was forty years after that laboratory discovery by Faraday that the motor and dynamo were applied to industry, and it was forty additional years before Faraday's discovery became of general use in industry. In itself this incident illustrates the difference between the functions of the laboratory and business, and while it pertains to an earlier day it brings home, nevertheless, the need and value of mutual appreciation and co-operation between college and industry. Since Faraday's time the contributions of the college to industry have been tremendous in many directions and in all fields. The steam turbine, the electric motor, the telephone, high-speed steels, are but a few of these contributions of science to business. But most significant of all has been the bringing into business of the laboratory or scientific method.

"The laboratory method" has induced industry and business generally to group and classify its information and its activities — to adopt definite specifications of



## What the Mfg. Industries Expect of the Technical Schools

method and product—to use statistics applying to industry—to compare the statistical information of industries, and, in general, to manage industry from an **impersonal scientific basis** rather than from the older **personal basis**.

**What the college may contribute to industry in the future cannot be definitely measured, but if the past is an index of the future—and it usually is—the colleges will continue their contributions even more magnificently.** There is a constant and continuous need for such service. Industry to-day offers increasing opportunities for the trained mind; for those who have the laboratory method of approach, and, what is more important, the laboratory method of thinking. What the colleges will accomplish in the future depends upon what the colleges accomplish in the training of such students who can successfully accept the challenges of these opportunities.

It may well be said that the proper study of the college begins with a study of the college graduate. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is a proverb that has lost none of its homely wisdom. The graduate is the product of the colleges; industry presumes that the product will be of the highest standard. An inferior product will react most unfavorably on the college, on the individual, and ultimately upon business and industry.

**In our own manufacturing business we have found that the student who comes to us requiring the least readjustment is the product of the technical schools. We can immediately place the fledgling engineer in a position for which his previous training has at least partially fitted him.** His knowledge of mathematics, for example, is at once called into requisition. Having been taught to make and to read drawings, he can at once take his place at the drafting board. In short, because of his training the engineer gains an im-

mediate foothold—a place in which he can get his bearings, and at the same time develop skill in applying theoretical engineering to the practical and specialized demands of the plant. Thus in our own establishment we have come to the conclusion that among the outstanding values of an engineering education is that it lives up to its claims of measurably shortening the period of apprenticeship, and, as such, is eminently desirable.

However, it is not only scientists and technical research men that industry expects from the technical schools. Many of the men who graduate from the technical schools and make connections with the manufacturing industries do not make their careers as technical experts, but rather in management and in the strictly business phases of the enterprise.

Moreover, service is probably more typical of American manufacturing industry than it is of the manufacturing industries of other countries. When an American manufacturer sells a machine, an instrument, an office appliance, a labor-saving device for use in the home, it does not go out as an orphan. The factory stands back of its product and sees to it that the product is put to its most effective usefulness. **This servicing function, so characteristic of our manufacturing industry, provides an important and growing field of employment for graduates of our technical schools.**

Similarly, the successful selling of many of our machinery and equipment lines requires a certain technical and engineering background. The man who has had the advantages of a course at one of the schools of engineering may be particularly suited for sales work in which technical familiarity with the development of a product, its uses and its limitations, is of greatest value.

While growth and diversity of the manufacturing industry in this country may

## The Lehigh Review

furnish the basis for "large scale" production on the part of the schools of engineering, I would not say that it provided the basis for "mass" production on the part of those schools. The different lines of manufacture require quite different technical skill. In one and the same factory there may be room for the engineering graduate in one or more scientific research laboratories, in various individual branches of the production departments, in the purchasing department, in the sales department, and in the service end of the work. Different skill is needed for these different employments, but the background of engineering training may be extremely valuable in all of them.

In one of the collegiate schools of business recently a questionnaire concerning curriculum was addressed to graduates who had been out for a period of years. One question asked was what, in the judgment of the graduates, was the most important subject taught in the business school. **A high percentage—I think it was 90%—replied, English. Certainly ability to express oneself in English—for written reports, oral reports, committee meetings, board meetings, technical and trade association meetings—is likewise of vast importance to the engineering graduate who enters the manufacturing industry.** In fact it seems to me that a considerable part of the fundamental training received by the men attending the collegiate school of business is likewise valuable to the engineering graduate who is headed for business. I am not belittling the importance of the soundest training in the technical subjects when I record the opinion that a technical man going into a manufacturing business often finds that it is in the other, non-technical subjects that his equipment is weakest. It is to be regretted when the man headed for a management career has to approach that work without the benefit of good ac-

ademic courses that would help him in appraising and solving management questions.

And now may I be permitted a more intimate word **to the students?** Education has been variously defined. One tells us that it is the generation of power. Another defines it:

"The common profession of all men is humanity; and whoever is well educated to discharge the duties of a **man** cannot be badly prepared to fill any of those offices that have a relation to **him.**"

With this great educational leader I would join in emphasizing the human, the personal element in education. **Success both in business and as an individual depends on more than mere proficiency in the use of the intellectual equipment which students here at Lehigh are now acquiring.** The personal element in acquiring and in applying knowledge is one which the University and the students cannot afford to neglect. It plays a major rôle in achieving business success. You must know how to use the intellectual tools which you are forging here in these halls. You will find life is very much a question of "know how". **You must know how to get along with people; know how to get along with your superiors; know how to get along with those who are working with you and for you.** You will have to know how to deal effectively with the customers and suppliers of the business house of which you will become a part. Furthermore, you will have to know how to deal with other men in enterprises similar to yours as well as with those men in various other branches of industry and community life. The personal, the human element is all-important.

Business to-day is not merely a matter of routine proficiency—not just a matter of balance-sheet returns. The business

## What the Mfg. Industries Expect of the Technical Schools

man who makes a success of life must think of more than his check-book. A few years ago one of my predecessors as President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States remarked:

"This country is not going ahead through the efforts of the business man who keeps one eye on a balance-sheet and the other on a golf-ball."

There is much truth in that statement. As you get on in business, you will find your line of business making demands upon you for creative thought—for contributions for the good of your own particular industry, and for the good of industry as a whole. You will find, likewise, that your community is going to lay claims on your time and your creative thought for its improvement. These are things which you must anticipate as a part of your business career.

In all these relationships the **know how** is of greatest importance. I frequently come into contact with young men just

out of college who don't **know how** to act in these phases of business life; and who don't **know how** to bring out and put to profitable use the talents they possess. They do not **know how** to assume responsibility. I see them dropping into settled routine, and not calling forth their creative powers, and not continuing to develop the assets which they have brought with them from college.

I have seen young men just graduated start out with a profound conviction of their superiority over other workers who have not had the advantages of college training. Such a start is one of the worst a man can make. Here the lack of **know how** reveals itself starkly. **If college teaches a man anything, it ought to teach him manners.** It ought to teach him to be respectful—not subservient, nor yet over-bearing or intolerant—but considerate in his relations with all with whom he comes in contact. It is always safe to assume that the other fellow knows something, and that he may be right.



# Two Art Exhibition Reviews

## THE EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN ART

It has been said several million times since the dawn of life on earth that there is nothing that has universal and absolute appeal. Without looking very far, one can find individuals who are willing to negate any opinion or thought that has been the product of any other individual or group of individuals. Thus, to find an art exhibition that will please, stimulate, interest, teach and arouse a body of young men, is a task hardly feasible. This is especially true since the young men in our universities have different degrees of knowledge, of interest, and of taste in art.

The board that selects pictures for college exhibitions ought to rely upon its knowledge of "museum-goers" and ought to apply its results to the college students. If the board is really desirous of having a collection of art works recorded in a favorable manner, it should advise that a short prayer be inserted at the bottom of each picture, something to this effect:

He who would like to find the mean  
Must not be afraid to look between.

— or —

He who would seek the truth  
Must not shy at the uncouth.

In the exhibition that was recently shown at the Lehigh University exhibition hall, I found many pieces of art that fascinated my untrained and "unartified" mind. By the method of analysis, I discovered what I considered the basically impressive factors.

I was impressed by the divergent feel-

ings and opinions that artists possess in their treatment of subjects. Here I found an artist who painted what he found in actuality, and here is another artist who painted that which he would have liked to have found. Again, I discovered an artist who propounded as his theme and subject, Nature. Nature, as it is in reality, or another, — Nature in an idealistic and symbolic mode. One artist enjoys man's world, another, God's. These extreme treatments of themes and subjects in turn aroused my sense of reality, my sense of imagination, my sense of the idealistic, and my sense of the materialistic.

Many of the paintings had characteristics that were edifying and intellectually beneficial. Here was a painting of a landscape that accentuated shadow. Here is a portrait that summarizes a character and personality. There is a picture that shows color contrast. All these artistic motives tend to improve the student's knowledge of art.

Another fact that attracted my attention was that of the apparent desire for experimentation. One painting seemed to have an actual river glued on the canvas. It seemed as though it would start moving if the slightest current of wind were to blow by. Some artists used different methods of producing complicated subjects in the simplest forms, while others worked on the simplest subjects in the most complicated manner.

Not to be forgotten in this discussion of the collection is the number of finely and artistically designed prints.

Here again, I can not say that I enjoyed



## The Lehigh Review

and appreciated every print, but I can say that the collection of prints, as a whole, serve as a "very-well-received- invitation" to study, and interest myself in, etching.

Thus, I consider that I have been pleased, stimulated, interested, taught, and aroused. If an exhibition can serve such worthy purposes for many, it can truly be considered a success.

by Joel E. Rothenberg

### THE EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY ART SHOWN RECENTLY AT LEHIGH UNIVERSITY

The exhibition, which was sponsored by the College Art Association, consisted of thirty-six oils and water colors, and twenty-five prints.

In selecting the works comprising the exhibition, the Association evidently attempted to show a representative collection, although it was noticeable that it failed to include abstractions. In addition, it was observed with some disappointment that the Association had limited the examples of still life to studies of flowers and fruit. The Association obviously attempted to offer an exhibition of wide appeal to student critics. For instance, examples of action paintings were selected along with quiet little landscapes; Elizabeth Price's "Treasure Ship," almost a design in character, was offered along with Louis Wolchonok's "Bookstalls Along the Seine," a study of trees, and Leon Kroll's "Reclining Nude," Childe Hassam's "House on Main Street," a print of the play of sunlight through a filter of tree leaves with the interesting little shadow patterns thus formed, and Max Kuehne's etching, "Archway, Cuenca"—certainly widely contrasting subjects. Their chance hanging side by side served to emphasize the wide contrast between them.

Certain of the works well deserve en-

thusiastic comment, and Peppino Mangravite's interesting study in foreshortening, "Reclining Figure," is one of these. A woman has cast herself diagonally, face downward on an unopened bed, and by her unique pose gives a strikingly realistic expression of sheer exhaustion. The artist has used many colors in the work, has given the bed-spread a large, all-over, checkered design, and has done a number of things ordinarily making for confusion, yet he has knit them into the whole so skilfully that nothing detracts from the figure and its telling message.

Another painting of outstanding merit was Ernest Lawson's "Gulls and Sea." In this work the artist has centered the interest upon the gulls, and has used the sea merely as a setting. He has emphasized realism in the poise of the birds with fine effect, for the birds, rather than seeming to hover as do many painted ones, actually appear to move.

In Haley Lever's "Scratch Race," we find another example of emphasis on motion, this time of waves. Two trim little racing sloops are heeled over in a stiff breeze, yet they are given hardly more than equal importance with the waves. Mr. Lever has painted the waves so as to strongly emphasize their tremendous power. We feel them fairly rush across the canvas as one trough hastens to pile up upon the next crest. A gentler swell might have broken about the sloops' hulls with the formation of interesting little ripples and foam patterns. Not so these waves; hey can do nothing but continue their mad race before the wind to subside only when the wind shall have died.

The exhibition as a whole fulfilled fairly well its purpose, embracing, as it did, examples of many of the types of contemporary American art. The omission of examples from the cubist school and of abstractions was, however, unfortunate.

by Albert M. Thorne, Jr.

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(Continued from Page 30)

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